



Faithfulness.

I would not wear a golden crown
Nor reign upon a throne,
But see one true and loving heart,
I would be queen alone.

I would not have a servile throng
Press round to bow the knee,
But one light, free and eager step,
Haste homeward unto me.

I would not have the breath of Jane
Attempt my worth to prove,
But I would have one warm heart keep
The memory of my love.

I would beloved to thee and me,
The priceless pearl be given,
That thy true heart may meet mine own,
And each love each in heaven.

Chus Thompsonii



Let not the shadows of the past
Their sadness see you fling -
Of moments far too bright to last,
Darkened by sorrow's wing;
Of joys which from you long have fled,
Oh! do not think with pain;
Past sorrows, joys, and fears are dead -
They come not back again.

Oh! neer indulge in darksome fears -
Let Hope's ray fill thy breast;
Give not a thought to other years -
"All things come for the best;"
Judge not the future by the Past,
Whatever thy sorrows be,
But calmly trust that thou at last
Shalt be from sorrow free.

How often is our path
Crossed by some bright being whose bright spirit ^{sheds}
A passing gladness o'er it - But whose course
Leads down another current - none more
To blend with ours: - yet, far within our souls,
Amidst the rushing of the busy world,
Dwells many a faint thought which lingers still
Around that image.

- Anne.